

The Beast From the Sea

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The Beast From the Sea

by [slashyrogue](#)

Summary

Hannibal comes home from a vacation to find Sea Creature Will has followed him home. He very quickly falls in love and will do anything for his beautiful monster. Based off a prompt I did on Tumblr.

I believe it's finished, but may add chapters in the future?

Chapter 1

The beast hunts. It is alone so it hunts alone, snatching fish and other sea creatures from the water to feed on their blood. He does not remember who he once was, nor does he remember being anything but a monster. Until he sees the man for the first time.

The man swims in his part of the sea, swims everyday for a week before he leaves and the beast is bereft of his absence.

So he follows.

Hannibal Lecter goes on vacation alone, this year a small private cabin owned by one of his colleagues who insists on it. The cabin has a wonderful private beach that he frequents day and evening, feeling like the sea is happy he is there and when he leaves he is almost sad to go.

When he decides to go swimming in his indoor swimming pool at home the next morning he is surprised to see he is not alone. His companion looks like a man but has pointed teeth, speaks naught but hisses and grunts, but Hannibal knows he has nothing to fear from this beautiful monster.

He sat on the edge of the pool, watching the monster as it moves in the water, lifting its head and staring as if expecting an attack.

“My name is Hannibal and I have no desire to hurt you.”

The monster stopped swimming, lifting his head out of the water and peering at him in surprise. “No?”

Hannibal smiled. “No. Do you have a name?”

It frowned. “No?”

Hannibal sighed, “Well, I think I will call you Poseidon after the god of the sea.”

The monster hissed, swimming over and growling in Hannibal’s face as it said loudly, “NO!”

Hannibal glared at it, feeling warm breath on his bare legs as the creature loomed over him. “Then what am I to call you? NO?”

The beast frowned, his lip twitching as it mumbled, “No, no. Will. WILL!”

Hannibal smiled, reaching out to touch only to have Will swim out of reach. “NO!”

Hannibal frowned. “I will not hurt you, Will. I promise you that.”

Will looked so scared, his lip trembling as he hissed, “No you. No touch. Bad!”

Hannibal held out his hand and Will slowly came closer, looking ready to bolt again as he reached out to touch. Hannibal turned his arm over and saw a tattoo on the inside of his arm.

Forever

That was all. What kind of sea monster had a tattoo?

He hissed when Will scratched him, frowning as Will swam as far away as he possibly could. "I'm sorry. It will not happen again."

"No, no, no," Will kept saying, his eyes full of fear.

Hannibal left him there that night swimming in the pool, pulling out his tablet and searching the keywords: missing man, Will, tattoo Forever. What came up surprised and angered him.

Will Graham had been missing for nearly three years. He'd gone on vacation with his lover who said he'd disappeared swimming one evening while the man in question had been out. He had searched and searched, this Matthew Brown claimed.

Hannibal knew every line was false just as he knew that monster in his pool once used to be a smiling man who cared for dogs and picked the wrong man for a lover.

Disgusted Hannibal couldn't even bring himself to finish his meal, stalking towards the pool carrying his tablet. He called out, "Will?"

The man swam to him, looking eager to see Hannibal which made him smile. He leaned down and reached out his hand, running fingers through Will's wet curls.

"I would like to show you something," he said softly, scrolling to the picture of a sad Matthew Brown to enlarge it turning his tablet to Will's eyes.

Will growled, grabbing the tablet and beating the device down on the cement till there was nothing left. "NO NO NO! Bad! Bad! Hurt!" Will's chest heaved as he looked at Hannibal with his fangs exposed, "He hurt me."

Hannibal nodded once, reaching out and slowly touching Will's cheek. Will leaned in to him, tears on his face as he whimpered, "No hurt."

"No, never. We will hurt Matthew."

Will's eyes opened and he jumped out of the water, growling and pushing Hannibal down. He hissed, his eyes darkening more than Hannibal had known they could.

"Hurt him, we...we hurt HIM. Hannibal hurt him?"

Hannibal touched his cheek, feeling immense pride that Will remembered his name. He took Will's hand and brought it to his face. "Both of us."

Will smiled, leaning down and suddenly licking his cheek. He nuzzled the spot and purred, "Mine."

Hannibal pet his head, ignoring the stench of death and decay coming from the monster in his arms. There was nowhere else he'd rather be. "Yes Will, as you are also mine."

The answering lick he received in return warmed Hannibal more than he thought possible.

No one would take this beautiful creature from him.

Chapter 2

They swim. Hannibal never really thought about swimming as much as he does now but with Will pressed against him swimming and smiling as they cut through the water he never wants to leave.

Will seems to have a sex drive, he enjoys climbing on Hannibal and licking him but he does nothing more, biting marks into Hannibal's skin and purring when Hannibal pets him.

He feeds on blood and meat, tearing into it raw and smiling at Hannibal when he sits on the edge of the pool to eat his own meals with Will.

Hannibal knows this bliss cannot last, the blood in the water is starting to smell and he does not know what Will is. What keeps him here, keeps him alive, he's almost frightened to bring Matthew to Will, thinking revenge is what keeps his monster alive and thriving.

But he does anyway.

Matthew screams when Will attacks, whimpering out sorries and moaning when Will hisses, "Happy now? Happy?" as the light fades from his eyes.

Will breaks down and Hannibal successfully leads him into the shower, cleaning him for the first time since his appearance weeks before. They press against each other, Will whispering his name like a benediction as he presses a finger into Hannibal asking, "Yes?"

Hannibal hisses at the intrusion but presses back against it, begging, "Please," not caring if he's split in two. Torn apart by this beautiful thing that could disappear tomorrow.

They come together in a rush of blood and passion, Will biting hard into his neck as he comes flooding Hannibal's insides cold and when he licks his neck clean he whispers, "Mine?"

Hannibal can feel blood dripping down his leg and he presses back against him to turn his head, pulling Will into a kiss hoping he'll break Hannibal's skin with his fangs.

He does not disappoint.

They fall asleep in Hannibal's bed and he's surprised when Will is there in the morning, petting him and licking Hannibal's flank as he whispers, "More, Hannibal. More."

Hannibal takes his hand and brings it to his lips to whisper, "We can kill as many as you need, Will. As many as you need."

The worst thing that could happen happens when Hannibal wakes up to Will gasping for breath, his eyes rolling in the back of his head as he tries to get air that he can't, Hannibal grabbing and running to the shower with them both, turning on the water and holding Will tightly in his arms, whispering, "Please, Will, please," and when his monster lets out a breath and whispers, "Hannibal?" he sighs, pressing into Will's skin.

“It’s okay, darling, you’re okay,” he whispers, pushing Will’s hair back from his face.

Will purrs in his arms, whimpering as he asks, “Hurt?”

“You were hurt, Will, it is all better now,” he kisses his forehead as the cold water washes over them both as they lay in the tub.

Will rubs himself against Hannibal’s cheek. “Hungry,” he whispers, licking his cheek.

Hannibal smiles, “For food or for...other things?”

Will lifts his head, smiling with his fangs at Hannibal. “Hungry f..f..food.”

Hannibal pets his hair, “Excellent speech, darling. You’re speaking so well.”

Will turned in his arms, naked completely as he refused to wear clothing, smiling down at him. “Food?”

“You wish to go hunting?” Hannibal asked, caressing his cheek as Will growled.

“Hannibal bite,” Will grinned, “Bite, bite, bite.”

Hannibal remembered the last time they hunted, a rude waiter that Hannibal had watched key someone’s car as he drove past a restaurant on the way home, and he’d immediately tailed the man till he could lure him in, capture and bring him home to Will.

Will had taken to wanting Hannibal to bite their kills, growling and smiling so playfully he couldn’t say no though it wasn’t much of a chore to do so especially when Will would jump on him after, pushing Hannibal down and licking his face hungrily, his fangs biting into Hannibal’s lip and making him hard.

Hannibal kissed him hard, biting at Will’s lip as they got colder under the water and when he began to shiver Will frowned, turning off the water to hiss, “No, no, hurt you.”

Hannibal felt his teeth chatter and smiled, shaking his head. “It is all right.”

Will whined, peeling off shirt and pants, hissing as it proved more difficult than he expected instead deciding to shred the remainder leaving Hannibal clad in only briefs as Will carried him out of the bathroom and into the bedroom, putting him down. He crawled in with him, Hannibal protesting.

“No, Will, you will have difficulty again. You need to be under water.”

Will shook his head, pulling Hannibal close and mouthing at the back of his neck as he hissed, “No.”

“Will, please.”

Will whined, turning Hannibal over with tears in his eyes. “Please?”

Hannibal nodded once. "If you sleep in the pool, we will hunt in the morning."

Will's lower lip trembled as he shook his head, climbing out of bed and looking at him one last time before disappearing down the hallway.

Hannibal sighed, rolling over into the wetness that was currently permeating every part of his sheets. He shivered, feeling Will's absence like a physical ache inside of him. He closed his eyes and tried to relax, quickly falling asleep.

When he woke to Will clutching him and hissing, "Mine," once more Hannibal could not help his outburst, pushing Will off of him and snarling back, "NO! You cannot do this!" Will froze, his eyes wide.

"You will no longer be allowed to sleep in my bed."

Will got out of bed and left him, silent for the first time since his arrival. Hannibal sighed, running a hand over his face as he processed his thoughts.

It was better that Will be hurt emotionally than physically.

There was no other solution at present, and for Will's well being he would do this.

Hannibal went straight for the kitchen and began making breakfast, raw meat and cheese for Will and eggs for himself with sausage from their last kill. He was carrying two plates poolside when he dropped them both, not seeing Will there.

He ran to the pool's edge, staring into the water and trying to think.

Will thought him angry, he could not have gotten far. Hannibal took off outside, calling out, "WILL!" as he ran and hoped that Will had not gotten very far away from him. The neighborhood he lived in was upper class though his neighbors were few and he had his privacy there were only so many places Will could be.

He ran for nearly an hour to no avail, tears in his eyes and angry with himself most of all. There was no telling what would happen if someone found him. A naked man wandering down the street, blood in his teeth and a body temperature of that below average for a living person? They would dissect him, display the parts, and Hannibal would never see Will's smile again in the morning.

He walked back home with a heavy heart, walking into the door and stopping when he heard whining coming from the garage. Hannibal ran, throwing open the door to see Will sitting on the floor by his car, curled up with one of his shirts and a blanket he'd obviously stolen from the washing machine.

Hannibal cried out in relief, running to him and hugging Will as close as possible, whispering, "I am so sorry, mylimasis, so very sorry. I will never turn you away again, Will, never, never," into Will's neck as he kissed him, feeling Will clutch back into his arms.

"Sorry," Will whispered, kissing his throat and teasing it with his teeth, "Sorry, Hannibal."

Hannibal pulled back, smiling and pressing their foreheads together. “We will figure something out, Will. I promise you.”

Will fucked him on the garage floor not long after, biting the back of his neck and shuddering against his throat as he came whispering, “Mine.”

That evening Hannibal ordered a large fish tank for his bedroom. Will was delighted.

Chapter 3

The one huge change that Hannibal has made to his life has been his lack of social events at his home. No more dinner parties, he goes to them not gives them. His social circle mourns the loss and he gives plithy excuses like lack of ideas and no desire, using his charm to hoard off any real look into his reasoning. It seems to keep most away, though when Alana comes by and he has to lock Will up in his bedroom Will is less than pleased.

“Just for a short time, Will. I will make her leave.”

Will hissed, pushing Hannibal’s arm away when he went to pet his head in his tank, hiding under the water and glaring as he locked the door as he left.

Alana was all smiles at her arrival, seeking answers he was sure judging by the look in her eyes.

“I was not expecting company,” Hannibal said, handing Alana a cup of coffee.

It was getting close to dinner time, he had been baking a plush pheasant with their current kill’s hand baked inside, hoping to coax Will into eating something cooked for the first time. He had used plenty of garlic and Will always loved garlic on his meat.

Alana smiled, looking like she knew something he did not. “I think I know your secret.”

Hannibal smiled, resisting the urge to laugh. “Oh?”

She smiled, nodding as she spoke.

“You’ve got some young thing locked up in here somewhere, everyone is talking about your new ‘busy schedule’. It’s either a young thing taking up your time or you really have quit cooking. Judging by the smell in here I’m pretty sure you haven’t.”

Hannibal smirked, sipping coffee and trying to think of an adequate reason why Alana needed to leave.

“I have nothing to offer you in terms of a secret,” he said, setting his coffee down.

Alana sighed, rolling her eyes. “Okay sure. I’m going to go use the bathroom when I get back I expect answers.”

He watched her leave, sighing and trying to think of an excuse why she needed to go.

It was a moment later when he heard the scratching. He stood up, nearly knocking over their cups and rushing down the hall. Alana was walking towards his bedroom door slowly and Hannibal could see his door moving with the force of Will’s scratching. Hannibal came up behind her, knocking Alana’s head into the wall and catching her before she fell.

He took the key out of his pocket and unlocked the door, not at all surprised when Will knocked him over snarling out, “Mine,” and attempting to bite him.

He held him back, touching Will’s cheek as he sighed. “Yes, Will. Now look what you made me do.”

Will looked over his shoulder at unconscious Alana, ready to strike but Hannibal held tightly on his arm.

Will’s head whipped back to him so fast, spitting out, “No! Mine! No! No! No! Hannibal mine!”

Hannibal smiled, taking the arm he held and bringing his grip up to Will’s hand and kissing it. “Yes, always yours Mylimasis. There is no need for this.”

Will looked over at Alana again and whined, “Mine, no. No, no, no.”

Hannibal frowned, staring from Alana to Will. “Matthew cheated on you, Will?”

Will leaned in, licking Hannibal’s neck and making needy noises pressing himself against him.

Hannibal kissed his temple and whispered, “I see no reason to stray, my beautiful Will. Though our guest will wake soon. What will we do with her?”

Will lifted his head, his eyes dark as he asked, “Bite?”

Hannibal shook his head. “No, darling we must keep ourselves safe. You need to wait for me. Be patient.”

Will glared, jumping off of him and hissing at Alana before he went back inside the bedroom slamming the door.

Hannibal sighed, standing up and walking to Alana. He shook her shoulder and whispered, “Alana?”

She stirred, blinking up at him in confusion. “Hannibal?”

He helped her stand and explained, “I came to check on you and saw you on the floor. I think it best I follow you home tonight?”

She nodded and he led her out, taking her to her car and she said, “I don’t even remember falling? That’s so strange.”

He helped her get inside her car, looking up and seeing Will’s eyes staring from their bedroom window. He knew when he returned Will would be angry.

He watched Alana enter her home and left, heading for the house. When he opened the door and heard nothing he walked softly inside, taking off his shoes as he made his way to the kitchen, checking the stove and turning it down. He headed for the bedroom.

Will was in his tank and Hannibal could feel his glare piercing through him. He leaned in close and Will turned his back.

“Dinner will be ready soon,” he announced, turning to leave.

The sound of water moving and Will’s wet body on his back made him stop.

“Please, Hannibal. Please?”

He took Will’s hand in his, squeezing it and turning himself around so they faced each other.

Will’s tears were black, he hated seeing them so much. It reminded him of death, of the fact that Will could disappear at any moment back to a corpse. He kissed his face and said, “Anything for you.”

“No more,” Will said firmly, his claws digging deep into his back as he repeated himself, “No more.”

Hannibal kissed his mouth, letting Will bite into his lip and suck some of his blood as they joined. When they pulled apart he nodded firmly.

“No more.”

They ate dinner with Will sitting in his lap, growling through his cooked meat but eating it thankfully. When Will fell asleep that night in his embrace Hannibal began looking for new homes as far away from here as he could find.

Anything to keep Will happy.

Chapter 4

Will is upset with him. He refused to come out of the car, trying to bite him again as he had when they first got inside and the entire drive Hannibal had to fend off his angry retaliation until he attempted to drug him via a hypodermic needle.

Drugs apparently had no affect on Will he now knew.

Will had screamed, attempting to get out of the car until he finally subdued him and apologized profusely, promising him the world.

When they pulled up in front of the cabin he refused to move and Hannibal went inside, staring at the place he now knew Will Graham had died and had seen Hannibal for the very first time.

It had not been difficult to get his colleague to sell, he did not use the place often and was more than happy to accept Hannibal's generous offer.

Hannibal sighed, looking back out at the water in front of him imagining Will's death at the hands of the coward who'd sobbed as Hannibal poked out his eyes to give to Will and died screaming as he deserved.

He heard footsteps and the shuffling feet, satisfied when Will gasped out loud.

Will's eyes were wide and he was smiling.

"We live here now, Will. You're home."

Will ran to the water, grabbing his arm and pulling him in as well. He hugged Hannibal and whispered, "Stay. Hannibal stay?"

Hannibal hugged him back and said, "Yes Mylimasis, we will stay."

He could understand the excitement at returning to where he'd been for so long, though Hannibal still could not help but think of Will's lonely body possibly weighed down as he sat at the bottom of the water alone for who knows how long till whatever magic woke him.

Hannibal is still very curious of Will's past, though he was unsure if remembering would be detrimental to Will's mental state.

He kissed Will's temple and left him to swim, going inside to change into dry clothing. Their things had already been delivered before their arrival though unpacking would take days. He changed and unpacked the meat he'd brought in with his freezer, starting on dinner while Will continued to swim.

An hour later he walked outside, seeing Will sitting on the dock and staring out into the water.

“Will?”

Will turned, tears in his eyes as he said, “I hurt here.”

Hannibal sat down beside him, not caring for the warm dinner waiting for them outside. He took Will’s hand and said, “Yes darling, I believe this is where you...he killed you.”

Will’s grip on him tightened as he looked away and hissed, “Slut, shut up slut! You know what you did you fucking idiot! Take it! Take it!”

Hannibal turned Will’s face to his, seeing his lifeless eyes and knowing Will was recalling Matthew’s words as he was murdered.

“Will stop,” Hannibal said firmly.

Will let go of him, putting hands around his own neck as he growled, “Shut up! Just shut up! Take it!”

Hannibal pulled on Will’s hands and growled, “WILL STOP IT RIGHT THIS INSTANT!”

Will relaxed, bursting into tears and throwing himself into Hannibal’s arms.

“I am sorry, beloved. I should never have brought you here,” Hannibal whispered into his neck.

Will shook his head. “Stay. I want. Please?”

Hannibal pulled back, staring into Will’s eyes as he sighed. “We will stay, but I will not ask you to...”

Will kissed him slowly and with his lips which he never had before. Hannibal didn’t dare move, shivering as his monster tasted him, slowly licking his tongue into Hannibal’s mouth crawling into his lap in the process.

Will was warmer than he normally was, though Hannibal could hardly care with him moving in his arms so slowly, riding his lap like he wanted something from Hannibal they had never before done together.

He pulled back, breathless as he smiled at Will. “Will?”

Will moved in closely to press their foreheads together and whispered, “Need, please need. I...need Hannibal.”

Hannibal touched his face, feeling the warmth that he did not normally feel from Will. “Are you feeling okay Will?”

Will gyrated in his lap more, pressing down as he moved and kissing across Hannibal’s cheeks. Hannibal attempted to stop him and he snarled, whining out, “In me, in me, in me, IN ME!”

Hannibal pressed him back down onto the dock, tearing at his own clothes in the process and licking down Will's belly the creature under him purring and hard under his tongue. He pulled his shirt over his head and then tore at his pants, growling out, "Turn over, Mylimasis," grunting in satisfaction when Will did so.

He licked down Will's back and stopped at his ass, pressing a finger there making Will push back against him.

"I need to get..."

Will pushed him over and growled, "NOW!" making Hannibal nod his head and promise, "Soon, darling, calm down."

He pressed his finger in deeper and Will hissed, pressing back against the intrusion. He kissed his back and said, "I do not want to hurt you, Will."

Will looked over his shoulder with tears in his eyes and said so softly that Hannibal could barely hear him, "Please?"

Hannibal pulled down his briefs, spitting in his hand and jacking his cock as he cursed, "Damn you, Will," pressing into Will slowly, groaning at the feeling and clutching him tightly as he went deeper.

Will keened, pushing back onto him and crying out, "Yes, yes, yes!"

Hannibal moved them slowly, knowing he was tearing into Will without any preparation but unable to do anything but move. He took Will in hand as he pushed up, mouthing his neck as he made love to him the only way he knew how.

The sweat coming off of his monster was profuse, sticking to Hannibal's chest as they moved and when he felt Will's release he bit into his neck hard, feeling unnatural heat against his skin.

Hannibal moaned, "Oh beloved, you're warm, how?"

Will turned his head, kissing him and clenching tightly with purpose to force Hannibal's passionate finish which he did. Hannibal licked the mark he'd left behind and worshiped him with praise as he clutched Will to him.

They lay against each other after, Will's chest heaving as he smiled over his shoulder at Hannibal his fangs so much brighter than Hannibal had ever seen them and his cheeks pink for the first time since they'd come together.

"Hannibal."

Hannibal touched his face, feeling Will's warmth with tears in his eyes.

"You're alive."

Will touched him, his smile still his monster but it would be much easier to hide now. His eyes were still the same pale blue, but he was breathing.

“Warm,” Will said, laughing, “I am hungry.”

Hannibal hugged him tightly and kissed Will’s cheek. “Dinner is ready inside, but first we need to shower.”

They pulled apart and Will hissed at their parting, taking Will’s hand as they walked inside.

Under the spray Will laughed, no doubt feeling the water properly for the first time. He closed his eyes and let Hannibal bathe him.

“You can still breathe under the water?” Hannibal asked.

Will held his breath and then sputtered, coughing under the water.

Hannibal patted his back and said, “I suppose not.”

Will frowned. “No swim?”

"I will teach you to swim, beloved, do not worry," Hannibal promised, kissing his cheek.

Hannibal turned off the shower and wrapped Will in a robe as he donned his own, the two of them eating reheated food at the dining room table ten minutes later.

Will still ate with his hands, tearing into the meat with gusto his blood stained face making Hannibal smile.

He may have been magically brought back to life by Hannibal making love to him, but he was still Hannibal’s same beautiful beast.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Yeah, I lied. Will needed a puppy.

Hannibal discovers that Will is partial to dogs quite by accident. Now that his appearance is more human they go out, though Will is still quite territorial about Hannibal speaking to other people.

Will loves to go into the forest near their home and Hannibal goes with, they usually never run into other people but when they do Will sulks and Hannibal keeps it to a minimum. But the dog is with a group of people, cornered and whimpering being hit with sticks. Will hisses and growls, tears in his eyes as he starts off towards them without Hannibal's interference.

He watches Will kill all four monsters in a spray of blood and guts that Hannibal finds himself growing hard watching, licking his lips and smiling as his beautiful beast takes vengeance for this fallen animal.

When he finishes Will falls to the grass and cradles the dog to him, speaking to it as Hannibal walks over to where his love is crying kneeling down beside him.

"Will?"

Will's eyes are filled and he asks, "Please? Please help, Hannibal. Help?"

Hannibal sees the dog is breathing, though visibly not well enough to survive. They've left much more evidence than necessary here he sighs and pets the dog's head apologizing, "I am sorry, Mylimasis, I cannot."

Will moans and hugs the dog to him, rocking back and forth not allowing Hannibal to put it out of its misery so it dies in his arms. He is loathe to let it go and carries the body off towards their home.

Hannibal leans over to touch him and Will hisses, attempting to scratch him. "No! Bad Hannibal! No!"

He sighs and leaves Will alone, heading to scatter the body parts for wild animals to find.

When he's finished he looks over and sees that Will is digging in the ground with his claws, the body on the ground beside him.

It takes hours but he digs a small hole, placing the dog inside and covering it.

That night Will sleeps on the floor of their bedroom and refuses to let Hannibal touch him.

Hannibal is forlorn, trying to explain to Will that the animal was already dead but his love refuses to listen.

This goes on for three days before Will wakes up to a puppy on the couch with him and he laughs, grabbing it and running into Hannibal's bedroom to wake him.

"Hannibal look! You fixed it! You did!"

He hugs Hannibal who smiles and whispers, "Anything to see you smile, darling. What is his name?"

Will grins his sharp toothed smile and declares, "Happy."

Hannibal has never heard Will use the word before and his heart swells.

"The dog's name is Happy?"

Will nods and kisses his cheek, rubbing himself against Hannibal's face as he sighs, "No, I am happy. Puppy is Winston."

Hannibal holds Will tightly to him and kisses his head. "A very worthy name indeed, Will."

Winston barks and attempts to lick Hannibal's arm, making Will hiss and yell, "NO! MINE!" pulling him away.

Hannibal laughs and covers himself up so the dog cannot touch him.

It seems this may not have been a great idea after all?

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I couldn't resist. Didn't turn out at all like I thought? But Christmas with Beast Will had to be done.

Hannibal stood in the store frowning, staring between two different shirts and putting them back multiple times. He sighed, picking one up again before putting it back down.

"Can I help you, sir?"

He looked to see a woman with a name tag standing beside him, a smile on her face. "No, thank you, I was just deciding."

"Shopping for family?"

Hannibal smiled. "Yes."

"That's great, is he a large or an extra large? I know my younger brother really likes the CK shirts and I..."

Hannibal frowned. "He is my other half, my partner."

She blushed. "Oh I apologize, I just heard family and assumed. I'm sure you'd know him best then. Does he look best in red or blue?"

Hannibal pictured the few times he's gotten Will to wear clothes, he always likes sweaters now that it's getting colder now where it's more appropriate unlike when he has to turn up the air for Will to wear them when it's warmer.

"He looks perfect in everything."

The woman smiled. "Well you could get both? Or something you know he'd really like? What does he like doing best?"

Hannibal pictured Will fucking him from behind, biting his neck and growling into his skin.

"That I would not have to pay for," he said grinning.

She said, "No I don't think you ever would," eyeing him up and down.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at her boldness, formulating a new plan in his mind.

"Is that an offer, Miss...." he looked at her tag, "Liz?"

She smiled, batting her eyelashes as she whispered, "Possibly."

Hannibal touched her cheek, "When do you finish your evening shift?"

Liz giggled, "An hour?"

"I will return."

He left the shirts in the store, heading for his car. Will would no doubt be asleep now, they'd been quite ardent in their love making earlier and he knew his monster would be quite tired.

If he was quiet enough and subdued her well, Salesperson Liz would be a lovely Christmas gift for Will in a few days time.

He could hardly wait to see his beautiful creature open her up.

Will was awake when he arrived home, sitting near the tree and watching the lights with Winston who barked at his arrival but did not move. Will had trained the puppy from going near him, growling and yelling at him until Winston knew better.

"I am very glad you are enjoying the tree, Mylimasis," he said, sitting down on the edge of the armchair Will was in, petting him.

Will turned and smiled. "Hannibal's home."

He nodded once and Will hugged his midsection, rubbing against him.

"Did you miss me, Will?"

Will took his hand licked it, mumbling, "Missed you, yes, yes, " before he paused, tensing and pushing him away.

He growled, baring his teeth.

"Will, I can explain," Hannibal said, hands out in front of him.

Will snarled, hissing, "Who? Where? MINE! HANNIBAL MINE!"

He looked ready to pounce and Hannibal almost wanted him to, but it was distressing Will to know someone else had been so close. He stepped forward and said, "I brought you your Christmas present, darling. I was going to wait but you were awake. I promise you, Will. I am YOURS and you are MINE."

Will whined, biting his lip hard enough that Hannibal watched blood run down his chin.

He held out his hand and Will shook his head, making Hannibal sigh and walk outside. He opened his trunk and saw Liz the salesperson was wide awake and thrashing around.

Hannibal leaned down to pick her up and saw Will was in the doorway, growling. "Bite, Hannibal. Bite!"

Hannibal smiled. "I thought you would want to bite this one first, Mylimasis. She wanted me, tried to take me from you."

Will hissed and came running, grabbing Liz from the trunk and throwing her to the ground. He strangled her, growling out, "NO, NO, NO! HANNIBAL MINE!"

Then he took his claws and slit her throat before biting into it, growling as he tore.

Hannibal felt himself growing hard watching his monster commit such carnage in defense of him, cementing a claim that he did not have to.

Will lifted his mouth and through back his head, yelling out into the night, "MINE!" jumping off of her body and coming at Hannibal.

He tore at his clothes, tearing off his pants and boxer briefs, pushing him against the dirt and grinding down into him as he continued to growl, "Mine, mine, mine, mine," and when he took Hannibal dry he cried out at the intrusion, groaning as Will bit into him so deeply he could smell how profusely he was bleeding.

"Yes, beloved, I am always yours."

Will held on tightly as he came, licking at his skin and when he whined, "Love, Hannibal. Love," licking all evidence of his passion from him as well as blood he was sure.

He sighed, rolling into his back and wincing, shaking his head when Will frowned at his discomfort.

"I am fine, darling, help me stand."

Will took his hand and helped, picking him up and carrying Hannibal despite his best protests.

He carried him inside and Hannibal sighed when he was put into the tub.

"Will, I am fine."

Will was growling as the tub filled, touching Hannibal's skin and ignoring his groans, licking his shoulder as he whispered, "Hurt?"

Hannibal pressed his cheek into Will's hair, mumbling, "No, darling, I need this hurt. I need you."

Will whined and they kissed, the blood on Will's tongue bringing back Hannibal's libido and when Will pulled back to sigh, "Mine," he touched his mouth.

"Clean me, Will."

Will did, quite well for someone who had only been alive for a month and living with him for several.

He was carried back to their bedroom, Will licking down his chest to take him into his mouth. He came without much preamble, spilling inside Will's lips and kissing him softly after.

"Thank you, Mylimasis, I love you."

Will smiled, leaning in to lick his cheek. "Good present," he purred, hugging him.

Hannibal kissed the top of his head and whispered, "Merry Christmas, Will."

"Merry Christmas, Hannibal. Merry, Merry, Merry."

Will fell asleep in his arms and Hannibal fell soon after, hoping the wild animals would get the rest of the body but knowing he had much to dispose of in the morning.

But not caring in the slightest.

When they found Winston covered in blood and gleefully chewing on salesperson Liz in the morning Will laughed, while Hannibal got the garbage bags and went to put on his plastic suit.

At least the puppy hadn't run away.

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